



THE CHRISTMAS SLIDE.—DRAWN BY F. S. CHURCH.—FROM JUDGE XMAS NUMBER.

A Flower-Painter and His Works.

THE exquisite panel picture of "Chrysanthemums," by the eminent flower-painter, De Longpré, which is given with the December number of *Demorest's Magazine*, is one of the most beautiful water-color reproductions that has ever been published. In fact, it so closely resembles



DE LONGPRÉ'S FAMOUS PAINTING "CHRYSANTHEMUMS."

the original that it is difficult to distinguish one from the other, and the original is considered by the artist as one of his finest efforts. It is an excellent example of the exquisite variation of tone, the purity of color, and the beauty of grouping which is always noticeable in the work of this artist.

As you view a De Longpré canvas it seems as though a mirror were reflecting real flowers upon it,—flowers that have just been plucked and are redolent with fragrance, with limpid dew-drops trembling and sparkling on their delicately tinted petals; all the freshness and the charmingly harmonious mingling of hues have been caught and perpetuated in oils and water-colors by his magic brush. To do this truthfully, to put upon the canvas flowers that seem to have felt the warm rains, and the sun's kiss, and the gentle winds, is a difficult achievement in art, and it is because De Longpré does it so vividly and faithfully that he is unequalled as a flower-painter in this or any other country. It

was these high artistic qualities that gained for him a medal for paintings which he exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1889, and which led four most eminent French painters to join in commending most highly his "La Flora Artistique," which is a combination in one work of a number of his notable studies of flowers.

De Longpré has a style all his own, having purposely avoided taking lessons so that his work might have individuality and originality. It must not be inferred, however, that he has not studied his art. When a child at school in the suburbs of Paris, after his family had removed from Lyons, where he was born, in 1855, he began to study and paint flowers. Often he became so absorbed in this occupation in the fields on his way to the school-house that he would forget all about the lessons, and spend most of the day where he was. An accounting at home always followed, and there was unpleasantness for Paul; but he never let these little troubles draw him away from his beloved flowers. When still a very young man he proved that he possessed unusual talent; and M. Paillet, one of the greatest horticulturists in France, so admired his work that he invited him to make use of his great conservatories in Chateaux, near Paris, in any way he chose, for the furtherance of his art. This privilege, accorded to no one else, was a great boon to the young painter, and for thirteen years he passed six months of every twelve among the flowers. He was absorbed in them; he lived in them and for them; and when he left France, five years ago, to make his home in New York, he brought with him a rare love and knowledge of the bright floral companions of his youth. It is little wonder, then, that he paints them truthfully and sympathetically.

At Short Hills, New Jersey, in the United States Nurseries, he has a studio, and there, as in the conservatories in Chateaux, he spends half the year in the kingdom of the flowers. The rose is the queen of this fair land, he says, and he loves best to paint it of all the members of the kingdom; although not even the humblest is neglected. During the cold months of the year he works in his winter studio in New York City. He is an enthusiastic admirer of America and Americans, and intends to remain here all his life.



PAUL DE LONGPRÉ.

A BARE OUTLINE OF Demorest's Family Magazine



FIRST and foremost it must be kept in mind that DEMOREST'S is the only complete Family Magazine published. It is affirmed that DEMOREST'S combines all of the most excellent points of its contemporaries, and has inimitable features of its own.

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We will send you *Demorest's Family Magazine*, postpaid, for the twelve months of 1896, and, in addition, the November and December (Christmas Number) issues for 1895, if you fill out the coupon below without delay, and forward it, together with \$2.00, to this office. This is equivalent to giving you fourteen months' for a year's subscription.

This liberal offer is made for the first time, and, to avoid misunderstanding, you will please use the coupon below.

An exquisite reproduction in 14 colors of De Longpré's water-color "Chrysanthemum" picture (size 12 x 28 inches) is given to every subscriber with the December issue of DEMOREST'S MAGAZINE. This issue is also enlarged and is bound in a beautifully printed colored cover, and is replete with illustrations and reading-matter pertaining to the Xmas Holidays. The Chrysanthemum plate alone in this one number is worth more than the price of a year's subscription; do not fail to get it. The original painting is valued at \$1,000, and the publishers guarantee that every reproduction cannot be told from the original. They will refund the money if the subscriber finds that this is not so, and that his copy is not satisfactory.

CUT HERE, AND RETURN COUPON PROPERLY FILLED OUT.

DEMOREST PUBLISHING CO., 110 Fifth Avenue, New York.

DEAR SIR:—For the enclosed \$2.00, please send DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE to the address below, for one year, from January to December, 1896, both inclusive, and the November and December numbers for 1895. Also De Longpré's Water color "Chrysanthemum" picture, and the other works of art that are to be published with DEMOREST'S FAMILY MAGAZINE during the year.

Name, _____

P. O., _____

State, _____

Date, _____

Jed Hopkins' Christmas-Box.

STEADY there, now, be careful, boys—so; that's it—you'll treat me fair; Certain you'll write the name quite plain and say "this side up with care!"

Be sure you mark it "this side up," and "handle with care."—What say? "Handled a hundred just like it this Christmas-time come?" Aye, aye.

Handled a hundred boxes—yes, but never a one like this. It's filled full of little bundles, all wrapped in a great big kiss. Buyin' ain't no gift o' mine, and I knew no soul to ask. But whether they'll suit or no, love made it all a happy task.

And she—oh, I know what she'll do; she'll kiss everything and say "God bless him—God bless my darling,"—and fall on her knees and pray. She'll think that those little vases and pictures and gloves and shawl. And the shiny black alpaca, could be no nicker at all.

Christmas-box! This is her first one,—she'll like it, but miss me so! She'd rather see me a thousand—oh, how I would like to go. And peep in and see her open the box, and then laugh and cry. And bend down and kiss everything,—but I'll see her by and by.

"Sweetheart?" The sweetest of all hearts, the fairest of all the fair. My mother! boys,—she's my darling, with pretty, white shiny hair.

"The Widow Hopkins?" That's the name—the sweetest on earth to me. "Hardy's Crossing?" That's the place I'd give a sight to see.

Yes; mark it "paid," and "this side up," and "handle with care."—be sure. For it goes instead of me, boys, with a love that's strong and pure.

Christmas-box there for me, you say? Jed Hopkins? It can't be me. Yes, that's my name, but there's no one—there's only mother, and she—

Can't be any mistake? All right, but stop! Look! my box, you said?

My Christmas-box the same—come back—my mother's—oh, God! marked "Dead!" MARGARET ANDREWS OLDFHAM.

HEAVEN.

"YAS, brederin, it am jist c owded wid de biggest an' redder watermill an' an de yallerist canterlopes an' d' greenest cownumbers, an' ye kin eat all day widout ary single pain er ache."—*Judge*

We do not believe that the Goulds and Astors want to get in the Prince of Wales set. What do they know about poker?—*Judge*.